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sentation at the Court of St. James's, and the frank, American, democratic feeling with which he shook the extended hand of the Sovereign Lady while he said, genially, "How do you do, Ma'am?"

The pictures of the Isle of Man at the beginning and the end of the volume are full of feeling and charm; and it is perhaps not Mr. Caine's own fault if, born and bred in such an atmosphere, he sees character melodramatically and is inclined to think the vital thing about Rossetti is that he took chloral and had delusions, and about Wilkie Collins that he drank laudanum. "My Story" is nowise an important book, but it is a readable and amusing book of very light literary gossip.

The industrious Mr. Lang is always at his happiest when he is holding a brief for some one; and, in the case of Jeanne d'Arc,* he has M. Anatole France's recent work on the same subject to refute. M. France, despite his gentleness, is always inclined to strip life of any supernatural mystery, glamour or dignity, in his desire to reduce all things to an ironic smile at life as it is. Mr. Lang is much nearer the heart of truth in his feeling that great deeds are not the outcome of mean and futile people.

The story of the wonderful maid, one of the truest mystics who have ever lived, and at last, quite recently beatified by the Catholic Church, of which she was so noble and loyal a daughter, is told with sympathy and partisan feeling by Mr. Lang. The author seems to have consulted the archives diligently; and yet there is little that is new in the book and not to be found in that of Mrs. Oliphant published in 1896 and in Mr. F. C. Lowell's *Life*. The two little miniatures of Jeanne are interesting, and the map of the Battle of Rouen might better have been borrowed from Mrs. Oliphant's book, where it is both fuller and clearer, than from Mr. Lowell's. Otherwise the book is as entertaining, as swift-moving and vivid as Mr. Lang's work always is.

Mrs. Hale, in her delightful and enthralling story,† has weighed the comparative merits of a husband and a career. What

* "The Maid of France." By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co., 1908.

† "The Actress." By Louise Closser Hale. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1909.

reader could fail to rejoice that the husband wins? He is a thoroughly delightful and competent creature of the type that "at thirty-five has a few lines about the mouth that come from set jaws during business hours, shrewd eyes that can be kind and terrible, square shoulders that were put to the plough when a youngster, and the well-ordered, limited speech of a man who has learned the use of his tongue in a country college and the control of it in a city office." In such swift and definite lines we are presented to Aaron Adams; and, later, we find him a man with strength for two, a great yearning to take care of something, and a fixed idea that the actress is the person he is destined to take care of. The actress herself, however, who does character parts in light comedy with great success, is obsessed by the idea of the glory of a career, and by the haughty notion that she is quite able to take care of herself. Her theory is renounced only after large and rather nauseous doses of life's discipline have been administered. The insight given into stage life, the *camaraderie* of the player folk, the English country gentry, with their charms and their limitations, keeps the book alive with interest; and the sad little story of Mrs. Erskine-Waite, and the love-affairs of Hester and Frederika—"that big flopping girl!"—lend romance and humor. As well as an interesting and gay story, we have here, too, quite evidently, the sincere personal confession of one woman that, when all is said and done, love is really a more potent factor in happiness than gratified ambition and a career.

Once more Mr. William J. Locke has given us one of his slight, but very engrossing, tales.* As a novelist, he belongs to that increasing number who are skilful in telling a well-knit, slightly structured story in small compass. His characters are not very intimately related to real life, but he has a very special flair for such men as are touched by an angel's feather and take an angel's view of mortal frailties.

The character of Septimus is quaintly conceived; and, if it is not very human, it is all the more lovable for being so slightly tarred with reality. The tale is fluently and delightfully told; the literary man from London appears just often enough to voice the commentary, somewhat after the manner of a Greek chorus, and even the vulgar advertiser wins our sympathies by

* "Septimus." By William J. Locke. John Lane Company, 1909.